

AL BAKING POWDER
Y PURE
delicious and wholesome
POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Today at over 18c, and a quotation of 18@10c may be given. Holders who have first class June stock, are not yet willing to part with it under 10c.
Sales of Western ladies were made at 13c@14c, and medium creamery at 10@13c, but most of this business was transacted before the news of the decline in the West.
Johens had a fair business up to yesterday about old rates, but their customers were looking for some concessions yesterday, and a range of 21@23c will probably be made.

BOSTON WOOL MARKET.

Not a large volume of trade during the week, but equal in amount to some time last season, and of a general character. Texas and southern wools are in request, but the general demand goes to territories, pulled wools and unwarmed fleeces. Pulled wools seem to sell the best, and such as is of good quality is firm. B's and combings are selling at 22@23c. Some A's are being disposed of at 4@4.5c. Some extras have been taken at 4@4.5c, or at greases 20@20c. Australian wools are less active with some closing in cross breeds at 28c. Fine Australian continue firm. Grease prices at 28@30c equal to a scoured cost of 60@70c, and much has been sold at 60@63c.

There is a market for territory wools and price rule quite firm. Grease and firm medium still have a call, but there is noticed a better demand for medium wools at 4c, clean. Some Montana wools have found sale at a fractional better price. Some sample wools have sold at 45@50c, with a not over abundant supply. The grease, most business is 15@16c, with the most business is 15c. Receipts in Boston for the week, 16,525 bales, and sales of 3,210,500 lbs. Sales of domestic:

Ohio xx and above, 20@27@3c.

Michigan x, 21c.

Ohio No. 1, 20c.

Ohio delaine, 28@30c.

Unwashed and unmerchandise, 17@20c.

Year's growth Texas, 13@16c.

Fall Texas, 11@12@13c.

Spring California, 12@13c.

Georgia, 19c.

Oregon, 15c.

Territory, 10@18c.

Pulled, 16@27c.

Scoured, 28@40c.

Odd and ends, 8@30c.

Foreign Wools.

Australian, 18@34.

South American crossbred, 25c.

Capes, 23@25c.

Fine Australian tops, 73c.

French scoured, 4c.

Carpet wools, 12@24c.

Augusta Hay, Grain and Wool Market.

(Corrected Jan. 18, for the Maine Farmer, by B. F. Farrot & Co.)

Corn and oat market has remained quiet steady for the past few days, with prices well maintained. Hay low. Sugar a little lower.

STRAW—Pressed, \$9; loose, \$5@6.

SHREWS—\$25 per hundred.

TON lot Mixed Feed, 88c.

Scoured, 28@40c.

Odd and ends, 8@30c.

Inferior Cottonseed meal

Bag lots, \$1 10

\$2 10@22c ton lots.

CHICAGO GLUTEN MEAL—Ton lots, \$20@22c.

LIME AND CEMENT—Lime, \$1 10 per

ton.

HARD WOOD—Dry, \$5@50; green

35 50@60.

GRAIN—Corn, 40c; meal, bag lots, 18c.

OATS—78c, bag lots.

Augusta City Produce Market.

(Corrected Jan. 18, for the Maine Farmer, by B. F. Farrot & Co.)

BEANS—Western pea beans, \$1 40;

Yellow Eyes, \$1 50.

BUTTER—Ball butter, 18@20c. Cream-

lard, \$1 35.

CHEESE—Factory, 10@12c; domestic,

10@12c; Sage, 12c.

Eggs—Fresh, 26c per dozen.

LARD—Pails, best, 8c.

PROVISIONS—Wholesale—Clear salt

beef, 9c per pound; ham, 8c@10c per lb.

Evaporated, 8c@10c per lb.

BUTTER—19@20c for choice family;

creamery, 21@23c.

BEANS—Maine pea, \$1 35@1 40; Ye-

low Eyes, \$1 55@1 60.

CHEESE—Maine and Vermont Factory;

10@12c; N. Y. Factory, 11 1/2@12c;

cheese, 12 1/2@13c.

Apples—low grades, \$2 65@2 75; Sealed

cering per box, 10c.

GRAIN—bag lots, 48c; oats,

cottonseed, car lots, \$23@25;

sack lot, \$15 00@16 00; sacked

corn, bag lots, \$16 00@17 00; middlings,

15 50@18 50.

LARD—Per tierce, 6 1/2@8 1/2c per lb.;

oil, 8 1/2@10 1/2c.

POTATOES—Potatoes, 65@70 per bu.

PROVISIONS—Fowl, 10@11c; chickens,

12@13c; turkeys, 14@15c; eggs, nearby,

etc.; extra beef, \$10 50@11 00; pork

backs, \$13@13 1/2c; clear, \$13 00; hams,

18@20c.

Nominations by the Governor.

The following nominations have been

made by Governor Powers:

Treasurer county of Washington—William

Nash, Cherryfield.

Trial Justice—Walter E. Luce, Newburgh;

Notary Public, Solon; T. S. Soules, Mount

Academy; Forrest Goodwin, Skowhegan.

Postmaster—John C. Dunbar, Castine;

William E. Gorham, post office, North Castine; William E. Gorham, post office, Hampden.

You can't blame a woman for ceasing

to refer her husband as the light of

her existence when the light begins to

out nights.

Adapted to their own locality.



THE MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

Vol. LXVII.

Maine Farmer.

Z. A. GILBERT, Agricultural Editor.

The Indiana Experiment Station estimates the loss of hoggs the past year in State by hog cholera at 90,000, valued at \$5,000,000.

It is an unusual reversal of values when oat straw for horses to lie on at eight sell higher in our markets than hay for them to eat.

Apples the past year were a general failure in central and southern Maine, while above that belt in the northern part of the State the crop was abundant, and south of the belt, in the State of New Hampshire, a full crop was harvested. Ben is fat and ruddy, plump and round, and looks saucy, and well he may. He seems to thrive on abuse. When a fellow who writes with a goose quill or with a pencil made sharp a purpose to stick folks can't find anybody else to say hard things about, he 'jumps on Ben Davis.' I never saw the like. As many as a dozen at a time are flinging bricks at Ben. He has to dodge sometimes, but he is hard to down.

Ben is a great traveler and visits all parts of the country in fall and winter. We have never been in a town in late fall or winter months that we didn't see Ben perched on the top of a barrel, ogling every pretty girl that passed along the street. Sometimes his cousin, Winona, tries to draw the attention of the girls, but it's no go. They all say by their looks that Ben is their choice.

One time Ben was up in Missouri (the land of big red apples was his summer home). He strayed into a big horticultural convention to listen to what was going on. Up rose one venerable wise man and said: 'Ben Davis is no good. I would not plant him. There are so many apples superior in quality.' Ben told me he was surprised at the old gentleman's jumping on him before he'd been in the room an hour, especially as he had on his green coat and didn't suppose folks could tell who he was. Then up jumped a little professor, who parted his hair in the middle and wore a pair of gold rimmed specs, and said: 'We have tested Ben Davis at our experiment station, and he's no good at all. We don't plant him any more.'

Another gentleman arose and calmly wiped his steel rimmed specs with a red bandanna handkerchief, and, putting them on, he looked around over the house, and then said: 'Gentlemen, we are all jumping on Ben Davis as if he were an enemy of ours. Now, professor, you are handy with figures and know what's being done in appledom, will you kindly answer me a few questions?' The little professor turned round and looked the old gentleman in the face and said, 'I shall, with pleasure, give a satisfactory response to your queries about anything you wish to know.'

Our board of agriculture, now made up, is well constituted to take up this needed guardianship of our agricultural interests. Our State is broad and conditions in the different sections vary widely. The board is made up of representatives from every county. They are men engaged in the business of farming and know its every demand. They are elected to the office by a tribal organization to work along the same lines, and entirely independent of partisan affiliations or political pull, hence best qualified to work in this special line of effort. Plainly the thing to do is to place the work in their hands and commission them to take hold of it.

This single matter of adaptation is one of the most important features connected with successful farming.

The board of agriculture should also be constituted a standing board of inquiry into the efficacy of the laws bearing on this industry, whether best suited to the objects sought to be reached, and whether sufficient in scope and in detail to best meet the object desired. Its members should pursue investigations as to what is further called for to aid in protecting, developing, assisting and therefore promoting the agriculture of the State. The Board is not doing enough for its agriculture. The importance of the industry to the general welfare of the State is overlooked and as a consequence is not held up before its people as its importance warrants in deliberations over the public welfare. Over all other departments it is manifestly the business of the board to take cognizance of these things, and it should be given full jurisdiction over them.

At the present time the consuming public are being deceived and cheated through the unlawful sale and use of counterfeit butter and the dairy industry in the State correspondingly damaged.

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GOOD SHEEP.

While breeders may discuss the merits of breeds, all are agreed upon the general type of animal wanted for service. To this crucial test every individual must be brought and its worth determined, not alone by blood but by individuality. We are enabled through the kindness of the *Farmer's Advocate* to present the fine illustration of the Dorset buck, owned by Mr. R. H. Harding of Ontario, one of the large breeders of this variety. As a type of the sheep wanted for service it furnishes an object lesson of value to every one interested in sheep husbandry, while at the same time a specimen of the breed of which any given breed is well.

The professor said, "Yes, sir. The apple you refer to is called the Ben Davis."

"Will you tell us what apple is grown most extensively for market?"

"Yes, sir; the Ben Davis."

"What per cent. of apples that appear upon the market are Ben Davis?"

"More than 50 per cent, sir."

"Give me the name of the most attractive apple grown for market."

"The Ben Davis."

"Taken all in all, what apple is the best money maker?"

<p

EVERY SUCCESSFUL farmer who raises fruits, vegetables, berries or grain, knows by experience the importance of having a large percentage of

Potash

in his fertilizers. If the fertilizer is too low in Potash the harvest is sure to be small, and of inferior quality.

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It has done business nearly 63 years in Maine, and is one of the most successful and most popular life insurance companies in the State. For the past five, ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years, the Mutual Benefit has come home to be the lowest of any Company in America. Exact Justice to all its members being watered down. Cash Surrender Value stated in the policy.

For further particulars, write or apply to

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They are always the best. They are the only seeds suitable—buy none but Ferry's. Sold by all dealers. Write for our catalog. Address—F. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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GROUND IN PURE LINSEED OIL.

Your dealer has it or will order it.

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Expanded: hail Old Glory! an every seal: welcome this "open door" of progress. Come with us and help in the fun. Price, 25 cents.

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Portland, Maine.

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that stands alone, fits any axles.

either flat or stagger spoke. Can't break, won't rust, won't wear out.

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Crushing Mill.

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for feed and Graham, Catalog free.

METAL WHEELS

in all sizes and varieties, to fit any axle.

They last forever. Either flat or stagger spoke, can't break, won't rust, won't wear out.

HEADACHE

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore the regular beat of the bowels, and prevent gripes or colic, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

25-page pamphlet on "Ashes as a Fertilizer," for the asking. Every farmer should have one.

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Notice to Farmers.

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25-page pamphlet on "Ashes as a Fertilizer," for the asking. Every farmer should have one.

GEO. STEVENS,

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Canada.

THE FARMHOUSE ON THE HILL.

BY WILLIAM CURTIS STILES.
There's a sunny sweep of meadow that I know
And a brookside where the bending alders
grow:

(It is so)
Down beyond the rye and clover, with the
sunshine flecking over.
Where again I see a barefoot urchin go.

There's a picture of a farmhouse on the hill,
And across the ridge, the corn-house and the mill;

(It's still.)
And the brook I see it dancing, and the trout
I see them glancing in the water.

(Then you please;)

And the kirtids they're singing, and the butterflies a-wining,

And the busy wrens a-flitting in the trees.

In the springtime there's arbutus by the snow,

And the bluebells rare that in the meadows grow,

(Shy and low.)

And the purple, yellow saucy, and the checker-

berry glossy,

And on the fence the cawing, crafty crow.

It is the summer 'tis to know the wondrous place.

Where the strawb'ry hides his precious scarlet face.

(That's the case.)

Tis to angle in the shallows where the water foams and dashes,

And the speckled trout goes darting through the race.

In the autumn there are beechnuts in the glade,

Where the squirrels whisk and run in sun and shade.

(Truly said.)

And the red and yellow apples; full of dimples ripe and dapples,

On the bending orchard branches are displayed.

Oh, the old New England farm of other days!

Tis a memory in the heart that ne'er decays.

(Close it stays.)

Though those happy days are vanished, and from old-time scenes I'm banished,

Still this vision in my manhood fancy plays,

And I hear again the murmur and the song of the forest brook that flows along,

(Sweet and strong.)

And I see across the meadow, flitting still the sun and shadow, and the barefoot boy that naught care nor wrong:

But the brook sings lonely now upon its way,

And the farmhouse brown has crumbled to decay.

(So they say.)

But my heart grows soft a-thinking and my eyes with tears are blinking,

While I dream again of that long vanished day.

And the perfume of the orchard lingers still, and the vision of the corn-house and the mill;

(And they will.)

And in dreams I see the faces and the long-forgotten places,

That endear the old brown farmhouse on the hill.

N. E. Farmer.

For the Maine Farmer, CO-OPERATION THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

Since the time of the formation of the grange, no word has been so persistently rung in our ears as this one word "Co-operation," and rightly enough, too, if it were only carried out according to its true meaning; but somehow, the farmers seem to have gained the idea that the word for them, means simply joining their forces to buy their supplies, farming tools, &c., at wholesale, and thus getting them at a less price than they would otherwise have to pay.

But let us look up the meaning of the word, "Co-operation." "The act of laboring together with others for a common good." Does this apply only to the buying and selling of goods? No! Its scope is as broad as the world, and its work, like charity, should begin at home.

There are not many families but what have a desire to own their home, but there are many who do not succeed in doing so. Look carefully and see if there is not a lack of this very principle to be found. Are all "laboring together" for this "common end"? Or is one member of the family spending money to gratify an appetite for tobacco, or worse still, liquor, or another to gratify an ambition for nice furniture or fine clothes? If either of these things be true the spirit of co-operation is wanting, and no matter how much one may desire the home, and work and sacrifice for it, it will be long in coming unless all unite with a will for this specific purpose.

Then, again, most parents desire to have their children obedient, and to grow up to be useful and respected members of society. But how often is it the case that if one parent corrects a child, the other takes his part, thus doing him incalculable harm, and working directly against the desired end. There is no thing in which co-operation should be more strictly adhered to than in the management of children. Not only in the home but at school. Nothing is more injurious to the scholar than to have the parents take sides with him against the teacher. If you believe the teacher to be in the wrong, go to him privately and talk with him about it; but as you value your child's future, do not uphold him in opposing the rules of school or the will of the teacher.

And as in the home and school so is it in the church. No pastor can efficiently carry on the work of his church unless he has the efforts of his people who are interested in agriculture, who have generous hearts and open hands to help the needy, raise the fallen, and aid in making the labors of this life cheerful."

We have spoken of co-operation in the home, the school, the church and the grange, but the principle should not end here. All the citizens in a municipality should unite to put in the responsible positions within their jurisdiction, not some personal friend, nor party favorite, but the men who in their opinion will most faithfully perform the duties of their office. This being done, all should unite with these to enact those measures which must subserve the best interests of all. It is not co-operation which leads men to think it is for their own interest to bring in large bills for labor on highways, or other public works, as long as the town has it to pay. "The town is good for it," they say, and so it is; but it reacts to their own disadvantage, in high taxes, at which they are as ready to grumble as any. Let all unite with the idea of making corporate expenses as little as possible, and taxes will be lower, and individual prosperity greater in proportion. And beyond the town come the State and nation.

Now, we have adopted a real giant—going to have him if money can buy him, anyway, and we must take care of him, as we do the rest. But oh, my! what a responsibility to train him right. There can be no cessation of duty now, no non-fulfillment of obligations. "In Gates Ajar," Miss Phelps says: "There is no room for a building fitly joined together, standing sound in its proper place that the structure can never totter nor fall. A stone once cast upon it will never so small a stone as that, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They are made of steel and wood, and are perfect in design, make digging easy, and help stand it long and cost nothing for repairs. Send for circulars for Safety Hand Separator. They not only represent high quality in much higher prices, but stand for highest quality in product as well. They

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r Readers.



Every lady wants a gold watch.
Write the MAINE FARMER for
particulars as to how to obtain
this premium.

Home Department.

TWO WOMEN'S LIVES.

Two babes were born in the selfsame town
On the very same bright day:
They laughed and cried in their mothers'

lives the very same way,
And both were pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow.

But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the selfsame town
And the children both were fair,
But one had curly brown hair:

The other had tangled hair;
The children grew as fast as space,
As other children grow.

But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the selfsame town
And one was wedded and loved,
The other sat over the curtain's part

The world where her sister moved,
And one was smiling, a happy bride.

The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the selfsame town
And one had had tender care,
The other was left to die alone

On her poor thin and bare,

And one had mourned her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,

For one had lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

If it please to take

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One half the 50c. size; one quarter the \$1 size.

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If you take advantage of this generous

offer and write for a free sample bottle,

be sure and mention the Augusta Maine

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Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

It is as great to be a woman as to be a man.—Walt Whitman.

For the Maine Farmer.

AMONG RECENT BOOKS.

The monumental work of Tissot, familiar in its general outlines to every reader of the current periodicals and known to not a few by actual inspection, draws attention anew to that most interesting and significant phase of art—its portrayal of the Christ. Too few are aware how various, and even how diverse, this portrayal has been, or how closely it has followed the development of thought and of belief through nine centuries. "The Life of Our Lord in Art," by Estelle M. Hurl, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., presents a most comprehensive and thoughtful study of this subject, and, aside from its intrinsic interest, is of great value as an authority on all questions pertaining to it. It follows very closely the historic life of Christ, giving in some detail the more important representations of each incident and period. Specimen reproductions of the more notable pictures are given, in illustration, adding much to the charm and value of the volume. Descriptions of these and of other pictures are given, and the aptness and sincerity of Miss Hurl's characterizations win one from the beginning. The volume represents long and sympathetic labor, as well as exhaustive knowledge. We have all been learning too slowly how inclusive the Gospel story is, and how truly related to every human interest. Were one seeking new material for illustration and interpretation of its incidents, he would find in this volume a unique and not inadequate commentary upon it.

When Hawthorne, long ago, gave his English note book the title, "Our Old Home," he expressed the feeling which most thoughtful, if untravelled, Americans have for the mother country, and which, within the last few months, has been given so earnest and unmistakable expression. Most of the racconotes, however, follow the stereotyped lines of travel, and their descriptions slip from the memory like falling water over pebbles long since worn smooth. Quite lost is it with Alice Brown's delightful volume, "By Oak and Thorn, a Record of English Days." It is concerned with localities in which our interest is warm and vivid, and of which we have been told all too little. Cleverly, immortalized by Charles Kingsley, the latter-day Cranford, the Ham of the Doms, the Brontë country and the old home of George Eliot, are among the old places she describes as she saw them, with keen and loving eyes. The chapters describing the Brontë region and that relating to the interview with the brother of George Eliot are of unusual interest and wistfulness. While the fanciful essays which begin and close the collection, are charming bits of writing. Her humor is as subtle as it is pervasive, and with her both reverie and reminiscence have their own charm.

Whether or not "The Seats of the Mighty" were all unawares a prophetic title, it is certain that its author, Mr. Gilbert Parker, is to be accorded a place among the ablest of American novelists, and that, in his own line of historical romance writing, few of his countrymen can hope to be his rivals. "The Battle of the Strong," his latest book, is a romance, perhaps one should say a drama—for the story is characterized by many striking situations and by force and rapidity of action—which is enacted on the island of Jersey, of the Channel group, and at the French Court, at the time of the French Revolution. The plot is managed with much skill, but the strength of the story consists rather in its careful character-drawing and in the moral dissonance which it evinces.

"The Man without a Country" has

NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

[A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.]
A woman with the blues is a very uncomfortable person. She is illogical, unhappy and frequently hysterical.

The condition of the mind known as "the blues," nearly always, with women, results from diseased organs of generation.

It is a source of wonder that in this age of advanced medical science, any person should still believe that mere force of will and determination will overcome depressed spirits and nervousness in women. These troubles are indications of disease.

Every woman who doesn't understand her condition should write to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham for her advice. Her advice is thorough common sense, and is the counsel of a learned woman of great experience. Read the story of Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, Westphalia, Kansas, as told in the following letter:

"Dear Mrs. PINKHAM:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed, suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's remedy for women's ills. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

long held a place of its own, not merely as a piece of picturesque and forcible writing, but as a classic of American patriotism as well. The war-year, however, has given the story a new significance, and its appearance, from the press of Little, Brown & Co., with a cover design distinctively American, and with a characteristic introduction by the author, Edward Everett Hale, is of especial timeliness. Every lad ought to be familiar with this vivid story, to whose noble lesson Mr. Hale's words of introduction and explanation give new force and application.

The same publishers issue a little volume entitled "Tennyson's Debt to Environment," by William G. Ward, giving, very compactly, the facts concerning the poet, his time, his homes and his own history, which are of most value to the Tennysonian student, and to the more cursory reader as well. Those who have not access to or leisure for the longer biographies will find their more salient facts given in orderly sequence here.

Yet, at the opposite extreme of book-making, and as a reminder that the voluminous memoir is not quite out of fashion, we have, from the same house, the first volume, of some five hundred pages, of the "Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Delany," an Englishwoman of noble character and ancient family, whose life covered nearly the whole of the eighteenth century. The book is reprinted from an English edition, and is edited by "Susan Coolidge."

OLIVE E. DANA.

Augusta, Me.

GEMS FROM GOOD AUTHORS.

Only he who lives a life of his own help the lives of other men.—Phillips Brooks.

If one is to-day more patient, more serene, more loving, more sympathetic than he was yesterday, then is he truly advancing; then is his life a success.—Phillips Brooks.

Come, take that task of yours which you have been hesitating before, and shrinking, and walking around, and on this very day lift it up and do it.—Phillips Brooks.

Little self-denials, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations,—these are the simple threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly to the eye of the world.

No other tongue can cultivate its ear. No other tongue can do it.

activity, is the first great step in the child's life. It means that the child is no longer at the mercy of an immediate suggestion.—John Dewey.

THE "NEGATIVE" EAR.

Mrs. Lounsbury, of Chicago, who for ten years has been training pupils of a deaf-mute asylum, has decided to devote herself to the education of the "negative" ear. While at the asylum she discovered that one of her pupils could hear, but could not appreciate the different shades of tone. She studied and experimented, with the result that she found children classed as deaf mutes who were afflicted only with a sort of "color blindness of the ear" that prevented them from distinguishing the different tones of the sounds they heard. She called the affection the "negative ear." Says the Chicago Tribune:

"Dear Mrs. PINKHAM:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

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Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's remedy for women's ills. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

"In a California institution for deaf-mutes Mrs. PINKHAM:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed, suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."

"We will," answered the children, and they did. So when mother had to leave home to nurse Aunt Susan, although it seemed as if Jack said, "as if the bottom had been knocked out of everything," the children pulled themselves together and "tried."

Tilly said: "There's so little money, I guess I could keep on with the washing and ironing if you all could help."

And they answered: "We will."

So Jack took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and wrung out the clothes, letting each sheet run up his arm like a big white snake; Clara hung them on the line, and little Ben picked up the clothespins and held them ready. They all helped at the sprinkling and folding; and, the next day, Jack kept up the fire, Clara ironed the coarser towels, and Ben smoothed out the fringes of the finer ones. When all was done, the basket was packed and placed in the cart, and then came the fun. Jack was horse, Clara pushed behind, tired Tilly and short-legged Ben rode on top. It was a gay procession that set out to carry the clean sheets and towels to the distant hotel.

"Among the pupils afflicted in this way now receiving instruction in speech, there are two particularly interesting cases. One is that of a small boy of twelve years, whose parents thought him an idiot, and whose language is so twisted and filled with substitutions of incorrect sounds that no one who has not made a study of his attempts can understand what he says. Yet he is bright, active and talkative, and thinks he can talk—a common delusion among persons so troubled. He has been studying now only two weeks, but already his speech is becoming better, and one or two words spoken in every sentence are clearly spoken.

"The other case is that of a young man who had grown to manhood speaking a language wholly unintelligible to others, but without finding out what was the matter with him. In a month he has learned to talk fairly well, and, in a few months, more, will be in a position to enter upon active business life."

"The method of curing the "negative" ear is no less strange than the trouble itself. It is, of course, impossible to teach the child through words spoken by others, or it would have learned in the natural manner. Instead, the process is reversed. The child is taught to speak correctly by instructing it in the positions of the mouth and tongue, and the words spoken are made to teach the ear. The child's own tongue cultivates its ear. No other tongue can do it.

HOUSEHOLD WISDOM.

A whisk broom is just the thing to clean the horsehair rug.

Cornets with the whalebone removed make good cleaning cloths.

Clam shells are more convenient for scraping pots and kettles than a knife, requiring less time.

Ceilings that have become smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with a little weak soda water.

Put a little household ammonia on a rag and clean off the rolls of the wringer before putting it away.

A MORAL AND SOCIAL HELP.

An indulgence in intoxicants of any sort has never helped a man to any social position worth the having; on the contrary, it has kept many from attaining a position to which by birth and good breeding and all other qualifications they were entitled. No young man will ever find that the principle of abstinence from liquor is a barrier to any success, social, commercial or otherwise.

On the other hand, it is the one principle in his life which will, in the long run, help him more than any other.

—Ladies' Home Journal.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

C. "Jack appointed a brigadier-general? Why, he never carried a gun!"

I. "No, but he carried an election." —N. Y. World.

The best way to avoid sickness is to keep yourself healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

Little Sister. "What's the difference 'twixt 'lectricity an' lightning?"

Little Brother. "You don't have to pay nuttin' for lightning."

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the mucous, and cures the colic and the best remedy for diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Bridget (to Mike, who has just set up in a new stove). "Don't build a fire in it till Oi troy the oven, for it don't beake well Oi'll hov it sitt back." —Judge.

A young man who thought he had won the heart and now asked the hand in marriage of a certain young widow, was asked by her: "What is the difference between myself and Mr. Barnes-Durham?" He naturally replied, "Well, I don't know." "Then," said the widow, "you had better marry the cow!" —Brooklyn Gazette.

Although a very busy man, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., has found time in which to write a great book of over a thousand pages entitled, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in Plain English, or Medicine Simplified." Few books printed in the English language have reached as great sales as this popular volume, over 600,000 copies having been sold at \$1.50 each. The profits on this enormous sale having repaid its author for the great amount of labor and money expended on its production he has now decided to give away, absolutely free, 500,000 copies of this valuable book, the recipient only being required to mail to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., of which each member has a contribution of \$1.00 to be used in aiding the poor. The book will be sent postpaid. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains 1008 large pages, and over 300 illustrations, some of them in colors. The Free Edition is precisely the same as that sold at \$1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manila paper covers, instead of cloth. It is not often that our readers have an opportunity to obtain a valuable book on such generous terms and we predict that few will miss availing themselves of the unusual and liberal offer to which we have called their attention.

A family paper published a long article entitled, "Housekeeping Hereafter." "Merciful heavens!" groaned a distracted mother of five children, and the keeper of one husband and two servants, "If I thought there was going to be any housekeeping hereafter, I declare I'd never die."

Meantime Jack was having to wrestle

with himself on account of a match game to come off the next day. "I might get

the wood and water ready the night before, but Tilly might need the doctor in a hurry," he thought; "or Clara might have extra work, and she has enough now. I'll just give up the game, and get fun at home, somehow."

And little Ben was fighting his battle,

too, for the sun was shining and the birds calling, and it was dull sitting by the bedside, keeping the flies away while Tilly slept. Twice he slipped off his

chair and turned toward the door, but both times he turned back to see a fly about to alight on Tilly's cheek, and he hastened back to his post. "No," he said, "when her ankle gets all done, I'll go out and stay all day, and pick all the raspberries in the world; but Jack's doing his work, and Clara's doing hers, and I mean to do mine. By-and-by sister'll wake up and tell me a story, and that'll be fun."

But better fun came for all three than they dreamed of, for in the evening mother came home to stay; mother, who could make all work light, and staying in the house a joy! Then they laughed and talked and hugged each other, while father told how well each child had done its part. Then mother opened her trunk, and lo! a beautiful present for each one, sent by Aunt Susan; and the present to father was a bit of paper with a few words written on it, which could buy a new patent wrench that would work a little almost. Tilly was able to walk a few days later, and then they all spent a day in the blueberry field and had the best blueberry pudding that ever was made.

Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

Published every Thursday, by
The Maine Farmer Publishing Co.,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, Director.
OSCAR HOLWAY, Director.
JAMES S. SANBORN, Director.
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Director.

JOSEPH H. MANLEY, President.
GEORGE M. TWITCHELL, Editor and Manager.

THURSDAY, JAN. 26, 1899.

ONLY AGRICULTURAL NEWSPAPER IN MAINE.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
For one inch space, \$2.50 for four insertions and sixty cents for each subsequent insertion. Classified ads. one cent a word, each insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

E. S. Gifford is now calling upon our subscribers in Androscoggin county, and Mr. J. E. McCormick is calling upon subscribers in Somerset and Franklin counties. Mr. J. E. McCormick is calling upon subscribers in Penobscot county.

10,000 Weekly Circulation Guaranteed.

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The *Maine Farmer* one year and either of the following desirable premiums for only one year's subscription—

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One year's subscription, 52 numbers.

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Sixteen pages, with marginal notes, printed in colors and bound; size 15x22 inches.

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Cyclopedia of Useful Knowledge.

One set, 5 volumes, 1286 pages.

Pen-Knife.

Ivory handle, two blades. An elegant article.

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Two blades, strongly made. Size handy for use and convenient to carry in the pocket.

\$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

New York World, Tri-Weekly.

104 numbers of this metropolitan publication for only 50¢ above the regular price of the *Farmer* one year in advance.

Sample Copy sent on application.

Try the *Maine Farmer* for one month.

The legislature is getting down to earnest work this week and hearings are being held before the committees.

The intellectual activity throughout Massachusetts is to a large degree to be credited to the fact that all but seven towns in the State are now supplied with free public libraries.

The trading stamp business of all forms is getting a black eye, as it should, from the legislatures and a bill is now before the Maine body looking to the suppression of the scheme.

Two admirable essays upon the second page merit a careful reading by the friends of the farm and home. They are the valuable contributions by two earnest workers for education and advancement.

The serial stories in the *Maine Farmer* are among the best published, being of special interest. In our next issue we shall give the opening chapters of a story, every one of which will be praised by our readers.

Why wouldn't it be well for the Maine legislature to follow in the footsteps of other States and make the appropriations for departments, cover postage, expressage, printing and packing? In this way each department would know how much was available and the State would know how much was to be expended.

The annual sessions of the State Board of Agriculture so fully reported in the *Farmer*, were among the best ever held by the Board and the practical suggestions of Secy' McKeen, and the members will find a ready response among the farmers of the State. No paper has attempted so complete a report as the *Maine Farmer*.

In the House of Representatives, when the effort was made to refer agricultural matters to the finance committee, Mr. Manley made a good point in urging that all questions relating to agriculture be referred to the committee on agriculture. Surely if it is not safe to trust our agricultural interests to these gen-

THE MAINE FARMER: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper. January 26, 1899.

EVERY subscriber to the *Maine Farmer* has neighbors who do not know the character of the work it is seeking to do. A little effort on the part of each one would double the circulation of the farmers' organ of Maine. This would allow the publishers to largely increase the scope of the work they desire to do. Not an issue of the *Maine Farmer* but contains helpful hints to the dairyman, stock grower, poultry keeper, horseman, or lover of the home and young folks, of far greater value than the cost of the paper. Not an issue but deals with the live questions of the day from the standpoint of the farmer. Taxation, legislation, appropriations, and all public matters receive prompt attention, economy and a wise expenditure always being urged. Will you not loan your copy to some one not a subscriber, or send the name of such persons to this office, that during the year the *Maine Farmer* may be able to make weekly visits to twice as many families as on January 1, 1899? Read the grand list of premiums offered in another column.

COMPLICATED PROBLEM.

The one burden of the cry from the executive chambers of every Eastern State where a legislature is in session, has been the necessity for retrenchment. The people of Maine have complimented the able utterances of Gov. Powers in this direction, but not one of the other chief executives but has pressed home the importance of economy with greater force than he. The fact is, these men upon whom the responsibility rests for acts of legislation becoming the law of a State, realize that retrenchment is absolutely necessary, yet are forced to meet the very emphatic demand of legislators for individual grants of greater or less amounts. The tendency to increased expenditures is but the forerunner of disaster in the not far distant future.

The newspapers which ridiculed the *Maine Farmer* for its position upon the Australian ballot case, are dumb to-day in view of the Keefe-Staples case. The result proves that the mandatory requirements of this law prevent the intent of the voter being recognized. The *Farmer* believes this construction necessary, because so explicitly stated in its several sections, and opposes the same as contrary to good government or true manhood. The one thing to be preserved under our form of government is the evident intent of the individual voter.

In the agitation of the highway question frequent reference is made to New Jersey and the methods prevailing there. While in that State last week we made diligent inquiries in regard to the success of the "stone roads" movement, and found that it was still in doubt.

The cost of repairing the stone roads exceeds that of dirt, an item ignored by those who urge their construction, while the cost of construction is from four to seven thousand dollars a mile, the depth of crushed stone being from six to twenty inches. In many sections the citizens are petitioning for dirt roads in preference to stone.

Prof. Woods, in his review of the work of the State Board of Agriculture at the annual meeting fell into a very natural error, for one not in the State at the time. The law governing farmers' institutes is the same to-day as fifteen years ago, the secretary being obliged to hold two in each county annually. Under Secy' Gilbert the appropriation for this purpose was \$1,400, and this sum being increased to \$3,000 in 1890, has enabled Secy' McKee to hold the past year, 47 institutes against 32 under the old appropriation. The increasing demand for these institutes is the best possible evidence of their growing popularity and service to the agricultural interests of the State. Let the number be multiplied.

The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture has again gone to the farm for a secretary, in place of Hon. W. R. Sessions, who, after twelve years' hard work, now seeks relief from official duties. Hon. J. W. Stockwell, the secretary elect, is one of the representative farmers of the State, a well known breeder of Devons, a man who has always lived upon a farm and in public and private has at all times labored faithfully and zealously to advance the best interests of the agricultural workers of the Commonwealth. For years he was lecturer of the State Grange, doing good service for the order and since has filled an important position as member of the State Grange legislative committee. Fully equipped by training, education and instinct, he will prove a faithful servant and loyal worker in the larger field to which he is now called. Secy' Sessions will retire from the office July 1st.

Mr. Ballington Booth has decided opinions to the best method for helping the poor and her experience may well be accepted as worthy of imitation. She says:

"The individual must be treated individually. It seems to me that the thing to do is to arouse in the man the spark of manhood and in the woman the spark of womanhood—to try to get these people to help themselves. Another method of helping them is dangerous. It is no good to play at slumming. If we would benefit them it is not enough to study them, we must love them. To me the most depressing thing is their hopelesslessness. So it seems to me that the first thing to do is to kindle in them the spirit of hope. On the low levels of civilization the flower does not grow, but high up, and highest still, almost at the glacier line, the edelweiss. Down on the low levels of humanity the flower does not grow. You must try lovingly and gently to turn the eyes of those who have always looked down to the mire upward toward the skies. And then, by and by, if will, if will, if will, they will aspire to the white flower of purity, the noble white and everlasting. The point is to bring a sound, willing, earnest, human soul into contact with that other soul and uplift it. It is not charity that will do it. There is only one touch that will do it. The touch of loving, human sympathy."

AN OUTSIDE GLANCE.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Our estimate of all things is largely the result of our point of vision. For this reason it is well sometimes to break from surroundings and see what others are doing, saying and thinking.

The farmers of Maine obliged to ship products to the large markets and feeling the severity and length of the winters, very naturally sigh for better conditions and larger, nearby markets. For ten days we have been spending the hours among the farmers of New Jersey, where the greatest markets of the country, New York and Philadelphia, are just over the border on the East and West, while large cities full of busy manufacturers are all over the State. In spite of all this the farmers of New Jersey, a grand lot of bright, sharp, intelligent men, are more satisfied than those in Maine, and full as ready to declare that "there's no money in farming." One fact has

been pressed home repeatedly, that the farmer in Maine has special cause for thankfulness that he lives where the conditions are such that the crops grown must be safely housed to protect from the long, cold storms of winter.

Milk production is the chief industry in New Jersey and while warm barns are the rule they are small as compared with Maine, while all about the yards and over the fields are stacks and ricks of corn and hay, some covered, but more open to the weather. These ricks are about twelve feet at the base, twelve feet high, and frequently sixty feet long, though one often sees a number of shorter length side by side. The ears are plucked from the stalks, husked and ground. The terrible waste of feeding material in what surprised me, and constantly have I felt rejoice that different conditions render necessary a different policy in Maine. The same sight may be seen through Connecticut, indicating that with a warmer climate and shorter winters farmers take the easier road even if attended with greater loss. Another condition noted as we speed across the States is that the tie-ups lack windows as compared with ours. Here again the explanation must be found in the fact that the cows were in many cases seen about the barns and yards on feeding from the stacks and ricks. Milk sells for about two and a quarter cents at the stations, the standard of solids being twelve and one half per cent. Prof. Voorhees, the able director at the station, has found that it costs \$42.50 per head to feed good milk cows successfully and the herd there is yielding a good profit.

The soil of New Jersey is chiefly light, approaching sandy conditions, the base being red sandstone. Being porous it is especially adapted to corn, but still peculiarly adapted to corn, but still

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City News.

The citizens of Augusta will tender a reception to the Governor and Council, also the legislature, at City Hall, February 14.

The rain of Tuesday practically spoiled the sleighing in the city, and put a stop to the coasting on the hills about Augusta.

Mrs. Ursula Carleton, of this city, died, Saturday morning, Jan. 21, at her home on Northern avenue, aged 82 years, 5 months.

The local Board of Health acted wisely in checking the harvesting of ice just below where some of the city sewers empty into the river, and the stock will be drawn from above the dam.

The Universalist Carnival at City Hall, is claiming the attention of the public. The drill by the Augusta Cadets on Tuesday night, was exceptionally fine, the boys being reviewed by Governor Powers and staff.

Augusta's educational interests lose by the resignation of Prof. Graves, but the trustees have been fortunate in securing as his successor one of the sons of Augusta, Mr. Chas. Pettingill, who is eminently qualified for the position.

If those who have escaped or recovered from the grip are wise, they will not unbuckle their overcoats the first sunny or warmer day. The best precaution against colds is to protect the person, and an open coat is a grip breeder.

A horrible accident occurred sometime during Monday night, when Frank Ricker was struck by a train, and his mutilated body scattered all the way from the railroad bridge over Water street to a culvert near the pulp mill. Ricker was an unmarried man, aged 45, a native of Vassalboro.

The Board of Trade, through President Hichborn, acted wisely in inviting the State Board of Agriculture to hold its next Dairy Conference in this city in December. Here is the center of a great dairy interest, and surrounded by live farmers a most successful winter meeting could be held. It is hoped the Board will accept.

"Oliver Cromwell" was the subject of the lecture at the Congregational chapel, Sunday evening, by Hon. J. H. Manley. A large audience was present, but only a fraction of those who would have enjoyed and been benefited by the able presentation of historical facts and practical lessons. It was a rich treat, claiming the closest attention from the opening sentence to the close.

County News.

President Butler of Colby University lectured in Winthrop last week on "The Uses of Literature."

Up to Saturday night there had been harvested about 100,000 lbs. of choco ice in the houses on the Kennebec.

Isaac Dow, an aged East Benton farmer, was burned to death in his house, Tuesday night. He had lived alone for some time.

Mr. Elizabeth Clark Lowell who during her life made so many bequests to the city of Hallowell now wills the great bulk of her estate to the Hubbard library.

Rev. W. H. Spencer, of Waterville, after twenty years' service with the Baptist church, has resigned, and will accept the pastorate of the Bethany church, Skowhegan.

Grip is still prevailing at Winthrop and new cases are reported continually. Wednesday not one of Road Commissioner Gale's large crew of men was at work, owing to illness. Mr. Gale says that this is something that never occurred before in his experience.

Readfield. Sleighing excellent—Ice generally cut and packed in the ice houses.—Mr. George Manter and Miss Alice Halves were married last week and have moved into their new home.—People are generally recovering from the grip.—The hotel which was burned last fall will be rebuilt in the spring and ready for summer boarders in good season. All are glad to have Mr. Stevens remain in town.

In Probate Court, Monday, the following wills were proved, approved and allowed:

Edmund F. Webb, late of Waterville, Appleton Webb of Waterville, appointed executor; of Ann Quinn, late of Hallowell, Charles H. Dudley of Hallowell, appointed executor; of Sarah N. Fairbanks, late of Winthrop, Emma E. Longfellow of Winthrop, appointed administrator with the will annexed of Aspinwall W. Taylor, late of Waterford, Nathan W. Taylor, of Milford, Mass., appointed executor, and Charles W. Smiley of Waterville, agent.

Administration was granted on the following estates:

Olive Dore, late of Oakland, George W. Field of Oakland, appointed administrator; of Lavina A. Whitcomb, late of Augusta, Nathan T. Folson of Augusta, John C. Ladd, late of Auburn, John Ladd, late of Pittston, Benjamin F. Fuller of Pittston, appointed administrator; of Sarah J. Wentworth, late of Readfield, Emery O. Bean of Readfield, appointed administrator.

Ella A. Taylor of Winslow was appointed guardian of Lizzie A. Frey of Vassalboro; Charles W. Abbott of Albion, guardian of Voyle E. Abbott of Albion.

The democratic committee-elect from each of the several counties met at Hotel North, Wednesday evening, and organized for the ensuing two years. Those present were: Androscoggin, Geo. A. Pettigill of Lisbon; Aroostook, H. Edwards of Caribou; Cumberland, Llewellyn Barton of Portland; Kennebec, Thomas J. Lynch of Augusta; Oxford, T. S. Bridgman of Buckfield; Penobscot, Willis Y. Patch of Bangor; Piscataquis, James Hudson of Guilford; Sagadahoc, George E. Hughes of Bath; Somerset, William R. Hunnewell of Pittsfield; Waldo, Frank L. Wilson of Belfast; Washington, David C. Parker of Danforth; York, Walter J. Gilpatrick of Saco. The organization resulted in the election of Geo. E. Hughes of Bath, as chairman; Fred Emery Beane of Hallowell, as secretary, and Llewellyn Barton of Portland, as treasurer.

What a Woman Thinks About It.
"I had scrofulous sores that discharged all the time, but since taking half a dozen pills of Dr. Chase's Saraparilla they are all gone. I find I am much stronger when I take Hood's." Mrs. Louisa Conson, South Bridgton, Maine.

Hood's Pills cure sores, headache.

Salt Rheum, Hands Would Crack Open

"I cannot say too much in praise of Hood's Saraparilla, as it has worked wonders in my case. I was afflicted with salt rheum on my hands for many years. I tried many remedies but did not obtain relief. My hands would crack open and bleed profusely and the pain was terrible to bear. Since taking Hood's Saraparilla the flesh has healed and my hands are as smooth as a farmer's hands could be. I have recommended Hood's Saraparilla to my friends, and as far as I can learn it has proved satisfactory." **LLOYD B. CHASE.**

Hood's Saraparilla is the best medicine for salt rheum, that money can buy. All dealers.

Experience of Others.

East Seabrook, Me., Feb. 28, '95.

I consider the "L. F." Alwood's Bitters a blessing to the overworked, both in mind and body, restoring the nervous functions, building up the system, and giving new life and vitality to the weak. **(Signed)**

JOHN P. HILL.

Witness: Henry W. Blake.

L.F. Bitters will cure your nervous trouble also.

Be sure you get the **L.F.** kind. Avoid imitations.

Edward Anderson, aged about 60 years, of St. George, died Monday afternoon, as the result of receiving injuries while visiting his daughter in Waldoboro and at rest home with his team. While crossing the Maine Central tracks his outfit was struck by a west-bound train which was going at full speed, the horse being instantly killed and the wagon demolished. Mr. Anderson was thrown a considerable distance, but took considerable force to hold him. When he went into Coda's house he had shot a woman down there, and showed Coda the revolver.

Mr. Elmer Withee and Phil Hoyt were in Hartland on business recently.—Mrs. Eliza Viles and little grandson, Ralph Viles, are both quite sick. Mrs. Cody's little girl, Nellie, who boards there is also very sick.—Mr. F. A. Furber was called to Hartland, Tuesday, by the dangerous illness of his brother.

John Valentine, president of the Wells Fargo Express Company, has issued the annual statement of the production of precious metals in the States and Territories west of the Missouri River, including British Columbia and the Northwest Territory, for the year 1898. The aggregate production is shown as follows: Gold, \$78,401,202; silver, \$39,016,565; total, \$117,477,767. The year's combined product of the metals named is the greatest in the history of the country—United States of America and British Columbia and the Northwest Territory—that of gold being above any previous record officially reported, and the world's old record for gold, approximately \$80,000,000 is amazing. The most notable increases have been in South Africa, \$25,000,000; the British possessions of the Northwest, \$6,000,000; Australasia, \$6,000,000, and the United States of America, \$3,000,000.

Although hopeful that all will come out right, President McKinley and his official advisers have for the past few days been more disturbed over conditions at Manila than at any time since the surrenders of 1898 by the Spanish. The occasion of this feeling is the receipt of news of a new insurrection character from Gen. Otis and Admiral Dewey. While affairs in Manila have been verging on a critical stage for the past week, the censorship at the Phillipine capital has concealed the truth. However, it was ascertained Sunday that ever since last Monday the number of Americans killed in Manila has increased to 100. The American admiral Dewey has been disturbing Gen. Otis, has reported that he has doubled his guards and entrenched his line, and that should the revolutionists attempt an attack upon his forces he will be able to repulse them in short order. He has reported to the department several minor affrays precipitated by the insurgents between natives and American troops. Dispatches received from Gen. Otis indicate that nothing is quiet on the surface, but that the temper of the insurgents was such that an outbreak was to be

discouraged, but finally hearing how much good Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy was doing, I began to use it. I tell you Nervura is a great medicine. It took me out of my troubles and made me well.

It cures others, why not you? You can consult about your case without charge with Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., either by writing or calling.

It is to be implied from the above, that compulsory tests have ever been ordered by the Maine Cattle Commissioners, we wish to promptly correct such an impression, as none other than voluntary testing with tuberculin has ever yet been employed. Whenever it has been possible, in the inspection of a herd, to safely condemn a single animal by physical examination, the owner has always been advised to have the balance of his herd tested, and we have never met with other than a ready acceptance and cooperation of such advice; the only exception to this being where the owner himself has applied for the tuberculin test without any previous inspection, and no change or amendment to our present law will be asked for by the Cattle Commissioners.

These rates were found to be insufficient to produce the necessary revenue to meet the obligations of the State, and the legislature of 1897 increased the rate to two and three-fourths mills for the past two years it was about \$475,000 more. In 1891-2-3 the rate of taxation was two and three-fourths mills on a dollar. In the next two years it was reduced to two and one-half mills, and in 1896 it was made two and one-quarter mills.

These rates were found to be insufficient to produce the necessary revenue to meet the obligations of the State, and the legislature of 1897 increased the rate to two and three-fourths mills for the year 1898, with the conviction that this rate would produce ample receipts with which to meet the current expenditures and to cancel the temporary loan which was then known must be negotiated early in the year 1897.

The total amount of receipts from all sources during the past year was \$1,854,304.66 (this includes loan of \$150,000), which amount increased by \$152,350.22 cash in the treasury on the first day of January, 1898, shows the available cash for the past year to have been \$2,006,654.88, against which warrants drawn by the governor to the amount of \$1,851,921.15 were paid, leaving a cash balance on hand at the close of the year of \$154,723.73.

The cash balance in the treasury at the close of the fiscal year ending December 31, 1896, was \$203,500.58, and at the close of the year 1897, \$152,350.22.

This shows an increase in the amount of cash balance on hand, at this time, compared with the balance at the close of the year 1897, of \$2,373.51, and a decrease compared with the cash balance at the close of the year 1896 of \$48,778.85. Adding to the latter sum, \$150,000.00, the balance of the temporary loan procured in those years and included in

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The Beach Comber and the Man-of-war.

By J. F. ROSE-SOLEY.

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The copra house was down on the rock bound beach, some 50 yards away from the store, a stretch of uneven, stony soil, with grass patches here and there and great black rocks showing out from the surface, separating the two places where the trader did his business. The old man's weary feet had worn a deep track across the plot; up and down he went many times a day. The copra house—the title is a misnomer, but it is always used in Samoa—was but a mere flimsy erection of rough boards, though iron roofed and water tight. Further, the door was provided with a very substantial padlock, which the trader was at great pains to lock and unlock every time he visited the shed, for the place held the only merchandise the country could produce—all that there was to trade for. The little bits of oily, brown, evil smelling copra must be kept dry or else they would rot long before the time came for shipping them to Europe. And they must be protected from theft, or else the cunning natives would think nothing of taking a few basketfuls at night and reselling them to the trader next day. Therefore every time a Samoan came, perhaps with but a few basketfuls of the copra, the old trader, with a weary sigh, would take a key down from its accustomed nail and plod down to the shed. It was quite a solemn and serious business, this purchase of a few shillings' worth of produce, and both sides went about it with becoming gravity. The first question that had to be decided was whether the copra was green—that is to say, whether it had been merely warmed in the sun or whether it had been properly dried by several days' exposure.

As the copra is bought by weight, it is, of course, to the native seller's interest to dry it as little, as possible, while the trader, on the other hand, does not want to lose 20 or 30 per cent by shrinkage. So the two argue the point out together, while I sit on the wire inclosed veranda and watch from the wordy conflict.

Silei, the industrious girl, has got her sewing machine out. She does not put it on a table, as the white lady would, but rests it on a kerseine case on the floor and squat cross-legged before it. Of course it is a hand machine; natives do not take readily to the use of the treadle. She is fashioning really gorgeous lava-lavas out of the brightest prints Manchester can produce, and when they are made they will be hung up in the store and sold for half a dollar each, perhaps in exchange for the very basket of copra the native is arguing about. He sweats with a fluency of Biblical expression which only long missionary training has rendered possible that the copra has been three days in the sun, whereas the trader, judging from his experience, asserts that at the outside it cannot have been more than one, and in cloudy weather too.

At last the trader, grumbling somewhat, purchases the copra, for he knows if he does not it will go to his rival close by. He is consoled by the reflection that his balances are 12 pounds out in every 100; also he is an expert at weighing and by dexterously manipulating the scales can make the copra appear several pounds lighter than it really is, and so under the waving palms by the side of the rippling lagoon, nature smiling on them with her most innocent expression, the two complete their ingenious transaction. Both are cheating, and both know it. So perhaps it does not matter very much. The native, having been well taught by the missionaries, will go to church three times next Sunday and say his morning and evening prayers more fervently than ever, so that he will save his conscience. As for the godless trader, he has no conscience. He has long since lost even the memory of the article. So we need not concern ourselves about him.

At last, after another half hour's haggling in the store, the native goes away with the goods which he has been persuaded to take in exchange for the copra, and the trader comes out of the house and seats himself wearily beside me, mopping his face the while.

As usual he harks back to the old times.

"Things were different in those days," he said. "Then we could do as we liked with the natives. Now they can do as they like with us. We have to cut things fine to make a living at all." And to console himself he took a long drink of kava, emptying the cocoanut shell, which held about a pint, at one draught.

Silei laughed the musical little laugh of the Samoan maiden. The whirr of the sewing machine ceased and she looked smilingly at the nearly empty bowl. She knew she would soon have to fabricate more kava, an occupation which she particularly enjoyed, I suppose, because it gratified her maiden vanity by enabling her to exhibit herself in the most graceful of attitudes.

"Yes, yes, girl, you can make some more," said the trader. "I'll keep you from the machine, and we don't want that infernal thing clicking away while we are talking."

"The oil days were the times," he began, "before any one invented this copra and we used to take oil from the natives in payment for everything. Why, even the missionaries used to have a big tank outside the church door and would take up the collection in oil. It was gallons of oil instead of dollars then, but they got the money just the same in the end, and the church prospered."

His face clouded as he made this last remark. Perhaps the undoubted prosperity of mission work in Samoa brought him consolation. Perhaps he would have preferred the natives in their original barbaric state rather than civilized and Christianized and educated up to a standpoint of keen bargaining which rendered it difficult for even the supercilious intellect of a white man to overreach them.

He did not say this, though. "I've made more money in a week than I can do in a month," he went on. "Forty years ago, when I was but a young fellow, I started trading on the southern side of Upolu. There was not a white man within 20 miles of me, and I could get any price I liked for my old uniform coat, especially if it had brass buttons on it, but a Tower market—that was the thing," and his rugged old face lit up at the pleasant reminiscence.

"I had the place to myself for three years, and you may be sure I made a pretty good thing out of it. Wish I had some of the money left now. Then old Jack Wilkinson came along and settled down near me."

"But who was Jack Wilkinson?" I asked.

"Never hear of Jack Wilkinson—old Jack, as he was always called? Why, I thought everybody in Samoa knew of him, but he was getting to be an old man then, and he's been dead long since, and I suppose you young people have forgotten all about the old foggies."

"Well, I'll tell you about Jack. He was a hard case, one of the regular old style beach combers. He had been I don't know how many years in the group and had grown to be almost like a native. He used to wear a lava-lava instead of trousers, just like a Samoan, and he could go about barefoot anywhere, even on a coral reef, and that's a thing few white men can manage without cutting their feet to pieces."

"They did say," and he lowered his voice unconsciously, "that he was one of a party of convicts who had escaped from Australia when it was a penal settlement. They stole a boat and somehow found their way here and made themselves at home among the natives, the story was only whispered between white men, and it would have been as much as one's life was worth to even hint at the thing to old Jack. He was a handy man with his knife, and there were no police about to call him to account for his actions."

"I got along well enough with Jack, though I must say he had ways of dealing with the natives which I hardly approved of. They were afraid of him, though, and fed him on the best the land could furnish. Jack never did anything for them in return. He spent his days lying on a mat in the shade of one of their big cool houses, open all round, so that the breeze could pass through and Jack could see all that was going on without ever moving. Sometimes, when he was particularly energetic, he would go fishing on the reef at low tide, when coral showed up high above the water, and it was easy enough to spear malau with long three pronged native spears."

"Still, I soon found it was to my interest to keep in with old Jack. He got twice as much oil as I could for the same amount of trade, and though he was always abusing and ill treating the natives, strangely enough they would take their oil to him rather than to me, and I was as smooth as butter to the natives, talking kindly to them and always giving them little presents. I own that I could never quite make it out to this day, and no man knows the crooks and twists of the Samoan character better than I do. I cannot understand what gave Jack his extraordinary influence over the people, though, to be sure, in the end they killed him on Manono. But I'll tell you about that some other time."

"So it happened that Jack became a sort of sub-trader or assistant and would buy the natives' oil, giving them in return orders on me for so much trade. I paid him a good commission, and I could afford to do it, for so long as Jack was sober he was the best hand at bargaining with the Samoans I ever saw, but when he got drunk there was no holding him. I had to get a case of gin down from Apia now and again or else Jack would never have staid with me. Then he would go tearing wild for a week or two until it was all finished and perhaps wind up by setting fire to a native house, or carrying off a woman, or something like that. I had to pay for the damage, and then Jack sobered down and went along right enough for another month or two."

"It was this failing that had got the beach comber into trouble at Tanuna, a village about 20 miles along the coast, where he had lived before coming to my place. The natives there had put up with him for a long time, but at last they got sick of the business, and the chiefs of the town turned dead against him and gave him a week in which to clear out. I never knew rightly what brought this about, for Jack was very reticent on the point, but it must have been something very bad else the natives would never have summoned up courage to behave as they did. There was a taupo, a village virgin, mixed up in the business, I know, a fine looking girl. She stuck to him all through and came away with him to Salua, to try and get some girls."

"I do know the man?" says Jack.

"Why, he's the greatest scoundrel un-

known," the lie tells the natives. I only wish you would clear him out of Samoa."

"Help you to catch him? Why, I

should think I would, and will every

native in the town when they see the

man-of-war here to back them up. The fellow was here last week, but he's gone to his old place, Tanuna, to try and get some girls."

"When the lieutenant heard this, he was all in haste to get away."

"Don't be in too much of a hurry," said Jack. "You'd better go slow. It's a most dangerous passage, and the chances are ten to one you'll get stuck on a reef, but if you'll wait a minute while I close the store I don't mind going with you and piloting you around. I'll do anything to get that wretched caught."

"So Jack, putting on my best coat, went off with the Lieutenant, and the captain, knowing nothing of the coast, was very glad to accept him as pilot, and gave him \$20 for his services, too."

"On the passage round Jack spun them a long yarn about the savage natives of Tanuna. They were terribly fierce, he said, always fighting and Wilkinson would probably stir them up to attack the landing party and so prevent his arrest. They ought to go ashore with a strong, armed force, and possibly a field gun or two."

"And did Jack get off, after all?" I asked, for I could not help sympathizing with the cunning scoundrel.

"Oh, Jack!" concluded the trader.

"He came back to my place after awhile and hung round for a month or two, but Samoa, he could see, was getting too warm. So he took the first opportunity of escaping to Fiji, which hadn't been annexed then."

"It was Jack's turn now, and he made the most of it. He called all the chiefs together into the marae—that's the open space in the center of the village where they always do their talking—and the Lieutenant stood by all the time, not understanding a word of what was going on. Jack told the treacherous Samoans that the great Queen Victoria, in her palace of the big sea had heard of the way in which one of her people had been treated and had sent the man-of-war to blow the village into the air, to hang all the chiefs and to carry off the rest of the people as slaves."

"It was quite a little army which landed that afternoon. There was a whole barge load of sailors and marines, all armed to the teeth, and a couple of small cannon, which they pointed at the big round chief's house in the center of the village. You may be sure the peaceful people of Tanuna were scared out of their wits."

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ON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

erm of Inflammation.

Johnson's old fashioned, noble harnessed family result of irritation and inflammation; such as bronchitis, colds, coughs, croup, catarrh, chaps, scrofula, rheumatism, rheumatic fever, catarrh, catarrh, lape back, side, neck, mumps, ear, ear, anywhere, rheumatism, stings, sprains, stiff joints, etc.

The great vital and muscle nerve.

I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for many years in my family.

Have used it for colds, catarrh, sore throats,

hives, cramps, sore stomach, rheumatism,

toothache, neuralgia, etc.,

and found it a valuable medicine.

THOMAS CLELLAN, South Robbinson, Maine.

One Book "Treatment for Diseases" Mailed Free.

All Druggists. L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

trumpet. He leaned forward, his features twisting like eyes burning; then a hand above his head; wild, strange, in his white flame of excitement. He shouted, and we all shouted with him, the McKinley man and the Reed man vying with each other (I hereoffed my testimony as to the scope and quality of this young Reed man's voice), and the air rang with "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" He shrieked the name again and again, gauding into life the waning applause. Then in an instant his bill snapped under the strain. His gray beard tilted in the air, his gray head went back on his neck.

The Canton man and I caught him in time to ease the fall. We were helped to put him back on his aisle. There were groans as by this time his granddaughter and the Reed "rooter," besides the Canton man and myself.

Carried him into the wide passage-way that led to the seats. The Reed young man ran for water, and, finding none, quickly returned with a glass of lemonade (he was a young fellow ready in shifts), and with it we bathed ready the old man's face.

Prompty he came back by degrees to the world; he was not unconscious, but we could see that he was not going to die.

"He'll be all right in no time," declared the Reed man. "You had better go back and get your seats, and keep me!"

I assured both men that I could not return for more than a short time, having an engagement for luncheon.

"That's all right," said the Reed man,

turming to the Canton man, "I ain't shooing when you come, you are."

"Foraker comes, you are."

"To The Butter Makers:

You are constantly wanting

To The Butter Makers:

Why not have it printed, and so carry an added advertisement on every pound?

The MAINE FARMER has contracted with one of

the large mills in the country, and will keep a supply on

hand of the very best paper made. All sizes and weights.

Send for prices and samples. Train or printed.

We will please you.

MAINE FARMER PUBLISHING CO., Augusta, Me.

GRAND CLUBBING LIST.

In order to place before our readers the opportunity to secure, with the MAINE FARMER some of the best publications for the farm and home, the following grand clubbing list is announced, to all who pay one year in advance.

No publication can make a more generous offer, placing, as it does the issues of the MAINE FARMER before its readers at nominal expense. Read this great list and send in your subscription for the coming year.

Bluehill. S. P. SNOWMAX.

PROFITABLE POULTRY.

Mrs. Bennett writes very encouragingly on this subject in Farm and Fireside. No doubt a great many could, by giving even more care and trouble than she suggests, make their poultry more profitable, as well as more interesting.

She seems to write wholly of her experience when she says:

"Poultry keeping on the ordinary farm can be made quite profitable if intelligently managed, and the farmer's wife may be abundantly rewarded by an abundant supply of pin money for her many needs in the household, instead of having to call on a perhaps already overburdened husband for everything."

There is also health and pleasure to be found in the poultry yard, for it takes one out into the fresh air, and while not requiring really hard work, it gives plenty of regular, healthful exercise.

In order to be successful, we must first select a breed best suited to our requirements. If eggs are our aim, the Single Comb Brown Leghorn, Minorca and Black Langshans are all good layers, but no breed will give satisfaction unless properly cared for. They must have warm, comfortable places to roost, well ventilated, but without draughts, and kept perfectly clean. They must be fed a variety of food; when fed exclusively on corn, as is the practice of so many farmers, the hens soon become too fat, and unhealthy also.

For their breakfast, I give them a warm mash of corn, meal, ground buckwheat or oats mixed with vegetables of different kinds, such as potatoes, beets, cabbage and turnips.

At 12 o'clock I throw among the litter in their scratching shed, some whole wheat, buckwheat or oats, and at night give a feed of parched corn. I find this better than anything else to keep up the health of their bodies during the long, winter nights.

To keep them active and healthy, compel them to scratch for their grain, by throwing it among a litter made of leaves, straw or hay. I keep within their reach plenty of clean water and milk, provide gravel, charcoal, pieces of old plaster, a little bone meal occasionally, and feed meat once a week.

To keep free from lice keep their dusting boxes filled with fine road dust, mixed with pulverized tobacco, a little sulphur and ashes. It is also well to smoke out their houses occasionally with tobacco steam and sulphur.

For fryers, broilers and market poultry, I prefer the Plymouth Rock and Wyandotte; they have plump bodies, with a rich, yellow skin, and feather out and mature quickly. The earlier the broilers and fryers can be gotten into the market the better the price obtained.

The old hens should be marketed early in the fall.

When first-class, pure-bred poultry is kept, a nice little sum may often be realized by selling the eggs and fowl for breeding purposes.

Fowl for market purposes should be treated differently from the laying stock.

Our aim should be to keep our fowl intended for market confined as closely as possible and fed on fattening food, such as corn meal, whole corn, some wheat and plenty of drinking water and sweet milk.

The kind of roost pole is quite impor-

We offer both for

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Hoard's Dairyman, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,

\$2.00

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Strawberry Culturist, 50c.; Total, \$2.00,

1.75

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Breeder's Gazette, \$2.00; Total, \$3.50,

2.50

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Canadian Horticulturist, \$1.25; Total, \$2.75

2.25

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

New York Tribune, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,

1.50

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

New York World, Tri-Weekly, \$1.50; Total, \$3,

2.00

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Co-operative Farmer, N. B., \$1.00; Total, \$2.50;

2.00

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Poultry Monthly, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,

2.00

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Farm Poultry, Semi-Monthly, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,

2.00

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Rural New-Yorker, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,

2.25

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Country Gentleman, \$2.00; Total, \$3.50,

3.00

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Youth's Companion, new, \$1.75; Total, \$3.25,

2.75

Maine Farmer, \$1.50,

Woman's Home Companion, \$1.00; Total, \$2.50,

1.75

The Maine Farmer and Standard Atlas of the

World. Maps 15x22 and 22x30. Revised to July, 1890. The most complete and

superb Atlas published,

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The Maine Farmer and one choice double bladed

Jackknife, warranted,

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Brethren, the best of this noted author's books,

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The Maine Farmer and Samantha at Saratoga,

1.50

The Maine Farmer and Mrs. Lincoln's Celebrated

Cook Book,

1.50

The Maine Farmer and 5 volumes Cyclopedias of Useful Knowledge,

1.50

The Maine Farmer and one Ladies' Waltham,

stem-winding, hunting-case, solid gold

watch, \$32.00,

15.00

The Maine Farmer, and one Gent's 15-year

guaranteed, Gold filled case, 7 jewels,

Watch, \$24.00,

12.00

Write the Maine Farmer for terms of any Christmas

Gift desired.

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What does it do?

It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

It Prevents and It Cures Baldness

Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

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You do not obtain all the benefits you can by using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Write the Doctor about it.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Grange News.

Maine State Grange.
State Master, OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland.
State Overseer, F. S. Adams, Bowdoin.
State Lecturer, ELLIOT COOK, Vinalboro.
State Secretary, H. L. LIBBY, Auburn. Dirigo P. O. Executive Committee, OBADIAH GARDNER, Rockland. E. H. LIBBY, Auburn. Hon. F. BRIGGS, Auburn. L. W. JOHNSON, Damariscotta. D. O. BOWER, Morrill. BOYDIE BRANCE, East Edington. Grange Gatherings.

At Blaine, Feb. 4—Aroostook Pomona. At No. Brewer, Jan. 27—Penobscot Pomona. At Ellsworth, Feb. 1—Piscataquis Pomona. At Monmouth, Feb. 8—Kennebec Pomona. State Lecture Cook's Appointments. Feb. 7—Bryant's Pond. Feb. 8—Monmouth.

"Farmers who will, have miniature heaves to larger extent than any other class." —Rev. Mr. Hubbard, Chaplain Connecticut State Grange.

State Lecturer Cook installed the officers of Cushnoch Grange, last evening, Sidney Grange being present by invitation. Of course they all had a good time.

The next meeting of Aroostook County Pomona Grange will be held with Mountain Grange, Blaine, Saturday, Feb. 4, at 10 o'clock A. M. It is expected that special rates will be secured on the B. & A. Railroad.

If resolutions were but self-enacting, reforms would be easy. There is no question in regard to the position held by the farmers of Maine touching State expenditures, but in order for these to be carried, the direct influence of interested parties must be exerted. Let every one write his representative touching these questions, insisting on the rights of the farmer being protected and guarded. Their resolutions will be crystallized into action and benefit secured.

Whereas, Our Father has seen fit to remove from our midst, Sister Sarah F. Meever, an esteemed member of Freebey Grange.

Be it resolved, That we bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That with all our heart! sympathy to the family of our sister in their great affliction, and command them to One who loves them.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our records; a copy sent to the family, and one to the Maine Farmer for publication.

Rosina Walker, Committee on J. McIntire.

Bear Mountain Grange No. 62, South Waterford, installed the officers elect Jan. 1st, installing officer Worthy Past Master W. K. Hamlin.

Master—Charles H. Hamlin. Overseer—W. W. Steward. Lecturer—Meville Monroe. Steward—W. H. Haynes. Assistant—Wm. Keene. Chaplain—W. H. Hamlin. Treasurer—G. H. Billings. Secretary—J. S. Barlow. Gate Keeper—Willard Abbott. Correspondent—Mrs. C. S. Hamlin. Financial Secretary—Floyd McLean. Mrs. Kimball. Lady Asst. Steward—Alice Monroe. Organist and Chorister—Jennie Hamlin. Librarian—Lotus Fluit.

Cumberland County Pomona Grange met with Westbrook Grange on Jan. 14. The day was stormy, and the attendance was smaller in consequence. But those present pronounced it a very enjoyable meeting in spite of the weather. The fact that it was the day for the election of officers. The officers for 1899 are: Master, S. F. Sweetair, New Gloucester; Overseer, Geo. H. Hill, Windham; Lecturer, W. I. Bickford, Gorham; Steward, Willis Roff, Raymond; Chaplain, J. S. Barlow, North Yarmouth; Treasurer, J. Allen; Secretary, G. M. Hatch. New Gloucester, Assistant, Steward, D. M. Windham; Westbrook; Gate Keeper, M. E. Elliott, Windham; Ceres, Mrs. A. C. Jones, Deering; Pomona; Mrs. Barker, Naples.

Capital Grange is again called to mourn the loss of another of its members in the death of our beloved sister, Susan P. Atherton. Sister Atherton was one of our charter members, but having been invalid for several years had been unable to attend the meetings but always had at heart an interest in Capital Grange and

Whereas, We desire to give expression to the feelings of profound sorrow which her death has caused, and to place upon the record our appreciation of her high character and worth, be it

Resolved. That while we bow in submission to the will of Him who all must obey, we desire to express our sincere sympathy at the death of our beloved sister, in a long and distinguished work and in her home life a loved and loving wife and mother.

Resolved, That we extend our hearty sympathy to the bereaved husband and family in their great affliction and that these resolutions be read at the next meeting of the State Grange to be sent to the family and that a copy of them be sent to the *Maine Farmer* for publication.

EMILY R. WELVETER, Committees on ARRIE E. HOUSE, Resolutions.

At the last meeting of Westbrook Grange, No. 78, the officers of the year 1898 were elected as follows:

Master—Geo. H. Hawks. Vice-President—Ernest F. Hardy. Lecturer—James Gowen. Steward—W. M. Steward. Treasurer—H. B. Powers. Chaplain—Mrs. J. H. Gowen. Ass't. Steward—Clinton Smith. Secretary—John H. Gowen. Secretary—J. M. Hawkes. Correspondent—Geo. H. Gowen.

Westbrook Grange holds its meetings on Friday evening of each week, except during the winter season, when day meetings are held at the old State School in the evenings, in order to accommodate those who cannot come so well evenings. These day meetings are well attended and afford great pleasure to young and old. Dinner is usually served before opening the grange. Then after the regular business is over, follows the usual programme of speaking, reading, etc. The "Grange Clarion," edited by the young people, is a bright little paper, much enjoyed by all.

Sheepscot Valley Grange, No. 220, held its regular meeting Saturday evening, Jan. 21. Worthy Deputy Ford was expected to install officers, but in his absence Past Master Sutton Albee acted, assisted by Bro. W. H. Marr and Sister L. Moore. The following officers were installed:

Master—F. H. Albee. Vice-President—L. C. F. Lovett. Lecturer—Loren Wyatt. Secretary—Charles Lowell. Assistant Steward—J. Carlton. Chaplain—Elisha Albee. Treasurer—Percy Jewett. Secretary—Herbert Pickard. Correspondent—Geo. H. Gowen. Ponoma—M. C. Albee. Fonda—Iva Jewett. Correspondent—Geo. H. Gowen. L. A. Stewart—Carrie B. Albee.

An excellent supper was then served, which all enjoyed. This grange seems to be more interested in its work. Three new members were added to its numbers, and more names were reported. To the editor I would say that we thank him most sincerely for the interest he has taken in defending the rights of the farmers against unnecessary appropriations and the Australian ballot.

Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free.

You do not obtain all the benefits you can by using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Write the Doctor about it.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER,
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